MILAN EXCHANGE.

WADE & BROOKS, Editors and Proprietors.

MILAN, - - TENNESSEE.

THE SUN AND THE DEW-DROP.

Serene was the night, and the moon in her beauty
Sail'd on thro' the depths of the star-studded sky;
Not a sound, save the plaintive sigh of the zephyr,
Which seemed to my ear like some soft lullaby.

But in vain did kind nature lure me to slumber,
Tho' silken my coverlet downy my bed;
Sleep, tho' I sought it, yet came not to soothe me,
Or still the wild throbbings of heart and of head.

I arose from my couch of unrest and of sorrow;
Beauteous the morning, surpassingly fair;
But tho' nature was smiling, my heart was still heavy,
For sad was the ruin which grief had wrought there.

A dew-drop which shone in the beams of the morning,
Attracted my gaze with its clear, brilliant ray,
As the bright sun with still purer lustre endowed it,
As he rose from the east on his luminous way.

But anon, ere the sun had attained his meridian,
That dew-drop so lovely had vanished away;
And soared to the God which at morning arrayed it
In all its bright beauty, absorbed in his ray.

That dew-drop so fleeting, so pure and attractive,
Doth often remind me, my darling, of thee;
Bright was thy life's morning, and pure as the dew-drop,
But O far too fleeting, too transient for me.

But precious the lesson the sun and the dew-drop,
Have in sympathy given my grief to control,
Which sheds, ever constant, by its blessed teaching,
Bright comforting rays o'er the night of my soul.

That God who didst shed on my child in life's morning,
Those bright tints which charmed the mind and the sense,
Too fair for this cold, blighting, bleak world he thought her,
And bore the sweet flow'ret to brighter climes hence.

I laid her to rest underneath the green willow,
And naught could my grief-stricken spirits console,
But now feel assured it was love that removed her,
Ere the stains of maturer life sullied her soul.

—*Irish Times.*

AN EFFECTIVE CURE.

I said I would go, and he said I should not. I was proud and hot tempered, with a horror of being domineered over, and I insisted that I had some rights which the man I was engaged to was bound to respect, and, as I had promised, I must go. Therefore, when evening arrived and an old friend came to escort me to the house of a mutual acquaintance, I left with him and did not stop to think whether I would have my lover act as I was doing or not.

I was older by three years than my equally hot tempered betrothed, and in vexed questions invariably settled the dispute in my own favor by waving the flag of *sceniores priores* over his head, a proceeding which silenced if it did not convince him.

He loved me, I believe. Yes, he did, with all the passion and fervor of a jealous boy in his first real love, and I—well, I think I was equally foolish; even my three years of seniority did not save me from pleading guilty to the soft impeachment. We had been but an hour at the house we were visiting when a furious ring at the door-bell caused my heart to quicken its pulsations. A servant appeared at the parlor door, saying my little sister wished to speak to me. I asked the hostess to excuse me, and descended, wondering at this unusual call.

"Inez," said my sister, breathlessly, "Felix is here."

"Where?" I interrupted, looking around.

"Outside," she said. "He won't come in, and he says you must come home with him now, immediately, or else—" she stopped and smiled. "I told him that you would not do it; that the people in the house would make fun of you both, but he insisted on my coming and telling you." Another pause to take breath, after which she added, timidly, "If you do not come home now, he says you can consider all over between you!"

Surprise and indignation found vent in one pithy sentence neither choice nor elegant. "He must be crazy!" I said. "Does he show his affection in wanting me to become the laughing stock of these people? Go and tell him that I shall see him in the morning and to stay home quietly this evening and support my absence: I came here because I promised to spend the evening, and he knows of old that I never break my word when I give it."

I turned and went up stairs again. To the inquiries of my hostess I replied that it was nothing at all; my sister forgot to ask me something and wanted to know it then—nothing more.

Clifford, my old friend and escort, looked at my heightened color and nervous manner, and intimated by a look that if that were all it was very little to cause my ill-concealed perturbation.

My sister had retired when I got home, but after a shake or two I managed to make her comprehend my question.

"Well, what did Felix say?"

"O," she answered, becoming wide awake at once, her eyes distended to twice their natural size, "how angry he was! Actually I was afraid; he set his teeth—you know how he does it—and his eyes shone—oh!" (this last "oh" long drawn out, expressive of the forcible impressions his anger had made upon her.

"Did he say that he would come to-morrow?"

"Indeed, he did not," was the reply, in a positive tone, and then, sleepily, "I wish you could have seen him." She turned on her side and in a minute her regular quiet breathing gave note of her return to Morpheus' arms.

I believe I foolishly lay awake for an hour or so, but being of a sanguine temperament and "having much confidence in my coaxing ways"—that is what mother says—I finally fell into a quiet slumber.

I waited for Felix the next morning. He did not come, however, and at about noon I put my pride in my pocket and started to visit his sister, with whom he lived (his mother was dead). My anxiety was not allayed on hearing that he had not been home all night, and I became seriously alarmed. He had never stayed out before since he had known me, and we did not know what to think. Even while I was trying to compose myself and still the fears that remorselessly tugged at my heart, a messenger came with a letter for his sister. All I saw was "St. Luke's Hospital" in the upper left hand corner of the envelope, when I became suddenly calm and still.

Yes, he was then injured, dying perhaps; I did not inquire. "Sophie," I cried, "You must come now, this minute; oh, my darling, what have you done, what have you done?"

Sophie, dear motherly Sophie—she was four years the junior of Felix—took me into her arms and tried to comfort me.

"You cannot go out in this condition," she said, "compose yourself; matters may not be so bad as you think."

But how could I be calm when I thought of him suffering, ill, and it all my fault? I do not know how we reached the hospital, and have only a faint recollection of being helped in and out of a carriage and waiting in a darkened reception room, whose quietness was ominous, to me an eternal length of time before we were ushered into a dimly-lighted little room at the top of the building.

My heart stood still at the threshold. There, on a cot bed, the only article of furniture in that room besides a table covered with bottles and lint and two chairs, lay a seemingly inanimate form, whose head, though swathed in bandages, I recognized as belonging to my pride, my love.

The gentleman who conducted me to the room—the doctor, I supposed—put a warning finger to his lips, and restrained me as I was about to rush forward and throw myself on the bed.

"Madam," said he kindly but firmly, in an ominous whisper, "the least excitement may cost him his life."

I recovered my composure as he offered me a glass of water.

"Inez!" came in a faint, broken whisper from the bed.

"Yes," I said, in the calmest tone I could muster, "I am here."

The doctor's hand was again on my arm.

"If you feel sure of yourself," said he, "and can control all outward display of emotion, you can go to him; but remember what I have said."

I sat on a chair that the doctor placed for me by the bedside and put my hand within the one outside the coverlet, which, oh joy! responded to my touch with a slight pressure.

"Did you have a pleasant time last evening?"

"Darling," I whispered, "don't."

That he should think of such a thing at such a time! Sophie was bending over the bed, tears in her eyes, her sweet, low voice saying: "Courage, Felix, dear, and you will soon be well."

I heard her say to the doctor, as they stood near the doors "How did this happen?"

He replied in a whisper, which I did not catch, and then beckoned to me.

"Madam," he said, politely, "it is against the rules of this institution for visitors to remain with the patients beyond an allotted time, but as this case is rather an exceptional one, and as I have confidence in your power to cure rather than to aggravate our friend's ill, I shall allow you to return this evening at six and remain with him till nine."

I thanked him hurriedly—I did not know how—and going back to Felix whispered, "Good-bye, darling, I am going now, but he says I may come back again this evening."

"Inez," he said, in clear, calm tones, that struck a chill to my heart, so quiet and resigned they were, "I have a request to make; you will grant it, as perhaps it may be my last."

"Darling, do not talk now. Take it for granted that I shall do whatever you wish."

"We were to be married." This brokenly.

"You will get well and we shall be married."

"But suppose—suppose I do not recover," I did not answer, but tightened my hold on his hand, "will you"—another pause—"will you consent to render my last hours happy by becoming my wife now?"

I hesitated. Was this a sick man's fancy that ought to be humored, and would he forget all about it if I said yes?

The doctor was at my elbow.

"If you care enough to marry him, you might as well do so now; you'll have to forego a grand wedding," a smile, half mocking, curled his lip; "if he recover, why, a disagreeable ceremony will have been gotten over with; if he do not, well, you will have the consolation of knowing you made all reparation in your power." This was said severely.

How curious the doctor seemed. Was he heartless or cynical? He appeared angry with me. Did he think I cared for a grand wedding?

"Felix," I whispered, "yes."

"Now?" For a man wounded nigh unto death the animation he displayed was wonderful. "This very evening?"

The doctor has his finger on the patient's pulse and gave me a warning look. "He is getting feverish," he said.

Sophie looked at me searchingly. "It might save him," her eyes said.

"I will manage everything," the doctor added. "When you return this evening you will find the minister here, and the ring—"

Felix interrupted: "My mother's ring? Sophie has it."

She nodded.

"It is settled then?" the doctor concluded.

I said, "Yes."

The doctor conducted us down stairs, even to the entrance gate, bareheaded as he was.

We did not speak a word on our way home. Sophie only held my hand. After our hurried meal (who could eat?) I wrote to my mother and father—they were out of town—apprising them of what had occurred and of what was about to happen; and then, with Felix's father, Sophie and my little sister, we started for the hospital.

The doctor met us at the door; he must have been waiting to conduct the strange bridal party up stairs; and in due time we arrived in the attic room, where I saw sitting by Felix's bedside as we entered the kindest and most benevolent looking old gentleman with snowy hair and such a good, handsome face, that I ever saw in my life. The doctor introduced him to us; he was to perform the ceremony. Perhaps the recollection of some past romance of his own gave his eyes that misty, far-off gaze as his glance met mine.

It was all over; we were man and wife till death did us part. I shuddered as I thought how soon that might occur. My husband turned over on his side with a long drawn sigh of relief and closed his eyes. His father said:

"You will go home with us?"

I shook my head.

The doctor interposed: "You must take care of your own health, too, and you need have no fear that he will not have all the attendance he requires."

But I was obdurate.

"This is my place and I shall not leave it."

I held Felix's hand and put my head down on his pillow. They kissed me and left us.

Felix appeared to slumber tranquilly. I hardly breathed, fearing I might disturb him. The doctor came to the door once or twice (it was open), looked in and went away again.

In the middle of the night Felix said, in an ordinary tone, quietly and distinctly, as if he had been pondering a long time:

"Inez, you do not regret it?"

"I thought you were asleep!"

"You do not regret it," he persisted, "no matter what happens? Swear it."

"I swear."

"Well, then, put your head down and try to sleep."

It was easy enough to say "sleep," but how could I? I was bewildered. His easy tone of command, his evident freedom from weariness or excitement, the strong pressure of his fingers on my hand—was my presence magical?

The night wore on; I said not a word, thinking. All the resolutions I made, how his slightest desire should be my law, how I would study to anticipate his wishes—never again should a cloud arise between us, no matter what happened—I registered a mental vow that never could be broken.

When the doctor appeared in the morning another inexplicable smile wreathed his lips. By-the-by, he was very handsome, this same doctor, and young, too, not over twenty-five.

"Your husband is so far recovered, madam," he said, "as to be able to accompany you home."

"Do you really think so, old fellow?" said Felix, sitting up and beginning to unloosen the bandages on his head.

"Stop," cried the doctor, and he whispered something in his ear.

"Inez, darling," said Felix in answer to my astonished gaze, "by the suggestion and with the aid of my old friend, Harry, whom I met as I was rushing off infuriated, the Lord knows where, after leaving your sister at home, I practiced a little innocent deception to soften your obdurate heart and make you mine forever, that future occurrences similar to those that took place the evening before last might for the future be obviated. Remember, you swore that you would not regret it, no matter what——"

I thought of my resolutions during my lonely night vigil. I thought of what I had suffered—but then had he not suffered, too? The struggle was brief, before the doctor, who stood biting his moustache by the doorway. I put my arms around my husband's neck and said:

"Darling, I am too happy to have you safe and sound at any price to be angry with you."

Sophie lives with us now, and Doctor Harry is a frequent visitor. I surprised her the other day asking him the old question, while deep blushes flitted over her face:

"How did this happen?"

And as before I could not overhear his reply.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The mustache is above talking, but not above thinking.

—A woman never talks back to a looking-glass when it tells her she is growing old.

—Foreign hair can be worn so naturally as to make it difficult to tell which is switch.

—A question of privilege will make a statesman rise as quick as if it were yeast and he were dough.

—Canned crabs are among the modern delicacies. The salesman's usual remark is, "Take a cancer?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—"Does your machine sew evenly, Mrs. Smith?" "Even sew," was the laconic response of Mrs. Smith, as she held up her work for inspection.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Summer-time will come again,
With its softly blowing zephyrs.
Lowing kine are in the fields;
Some are cows and some are heifers.
—*Tennyson, when very young.*

—The postal card is pushing the three cent stamp aside. The timidity of parties who write love letters, is about the only thing that keeps up the sale of three cent stamps.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

—Fashionably disposed young couples who complain of being unable to live on a moderate salary should take courage upon contemplating that Detroit drummer who supported five wives on twenty-five dollars per week, or five dollars a wife.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—An exchange adds this item to what has been already published on the interesting topic: "He said he had wrought out the 13—15—14 puzzle, when a quiet-looking individual remarked, 'Stranger, I suspect you did it if you say so; but if I were in your place I should feel kind o' proud o' my abilities as a first-rate liar.'"

—Gay was the heart of Clarence Eugene,
He had many wives—some fat and some lean;
And, after the way of a good Mormon brother,
He scarce had one when he'd Mary Ann other.
His looks were innocent and demure,
And he thought that he was quite secure;
But now, in the prison cell's gloom and shade,
He knows how bigamist-ake he made.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Sometimes the negro preacher is particularly strong in his elucidation of a theological point. This was the case with Brudder Ephraim Jones, on the Bayou Teche, who, addressing the congregation on the great topic of predestination, said: "Let us, for argument's sake, grant that I, Ephraim Jones, am foreordained to be drowned in the ribber at Smith's Ferry next Tuesday mornin' at half pas' ten, and s'pose I know it, and s'pose I am a free, moral, voluntary, and accountable agent—do you think I's goin' to be drowned? I ruther guess not. I should stay at home; and you'll never ketch dis yer babe in de woods at Smith's Ferry, nor near de ribber neither—*no sir!*"—*Harper's Drawer.*

Influence of the Electric Light Upon Vegetation.

Dr. C. W. Siemens, says the *Spectator*, gave a very remarkable lecture at the Royal Society on Thursday night, on the power of the electric light over vegetation. He had, he believed, shown by experiment that the electric light has the same sort of influence over vegetation as sunlight; but his most remarkable conclusion, is that plants do not need rest; that plants stimulated by sunlight in the day and by electric light at night grow far faster, and make a no less good and solid fibre, than they would if subjected to light during the hours of day alone. If this be really established, it is a very remarkable conclusion; but can it be true, that plants really make root as well in the light as in the darkness? We thought gardeners had long ago determined that question in the negative. Dr. Siemens had also satisfied himself that, "while under the influence of the electric light, plants can sustain increased stove-heat without collapsing, a circumstance favorable to forcing by electric light." The paper gave rise to a highly interesting discussion, in which it was pointed out that the evidence afforded of the practical identity, as regards vegetation, of solar and electric light, besides the probability that it would be turned to immediate account by horticulturists, would afford great facilities for the scientific investigation of the influence exerted by light, as compared with other agencies, in promoting the formation of the active principles or most valuable constituents of plants, such as the quinine of the cinchona bark, the gluten of wheat, and so forth. Before concluding his observations, Dr. Siemens placed a pot of budding tulips in the full brightness of an electric lamp in the meeting-room, and, in about forty minutes, the buds had expanded into full bloom.

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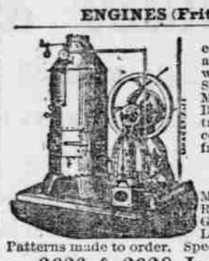

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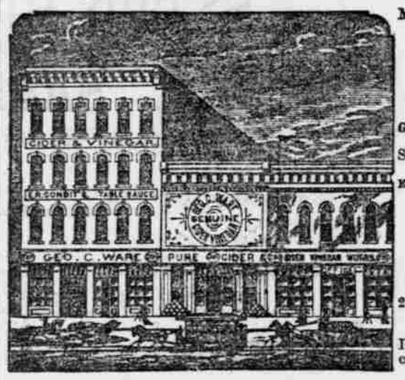

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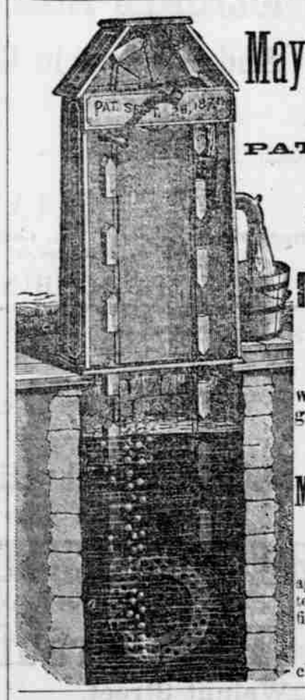

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